

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

LOUISVILLE, KY.: SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848.

WHOLE NUMBER 60.

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;

Published Weekly, on Jefferson St., next door to the Post Office.

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PAUL SEYMOUR,

PUBLISHER.

Facts and Reflections for the Consideration of the Slaveholders.

The manufactures, products, &c., of Massachusetts, compared with those of South Carolina.

Observations and reflections.

In the preceding numbers it has been shown pretty conclusively, I think, that the free States are far in advance of the slave States in productive energy, and in nearly all the elements of national wealth.

This good Commonwealth of Kentucky, however, abounds in those who betray much doubt and skepticism in relation to all facts and arguments that can be adduced which may seem to militate against the "peculiar institution."

So hidebound are these gentlemen with prejudice, and they will pardon me if I add ignorance, also, on this one subject of slavery, that they stumble not at embracing the grossest errors, in fact, the most glaring absurdities in logic, the most contradictory maxims and principles in politics, in morality and in religion, if so be they may thereby ward off a conclusion unfavorable to their idol institution.

Now, it is not to be expected that persons so well fortified as they are, or conceive themselves to be, will ground their arms without a struggle.

"A little more grape" seems to be the motto of these gentlemen, and they will have, gentlemen. We will renew our fire in the direction of the quarters of that illustrious one, our old friend, Gen. Quantrell.

South Carolina has an area of 25,000 square miles.

Massachusetts has an area of 7,500 square miles.

It is hoped that the reader will bear these facts in mind while he looks over the following statements. I find in the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for the year 1845, the following:

"General Abstract of the value, &c., of manufactures and agricultural produce, &c., of Massachusetts during the year ending April, 1845."

VALUE.

Woolen manufactures, \$5,385,966

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and creases. A dark vertical strip is visible along the right edge, possibly indicating the binding or the edge of the book block. There is no text or other markings on the page.

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Happiest Time.

When are we happiest?—when the light of morn
Wakes the young rooks from their crannies red,
When cheerful sounds upon the fresh winds
Come home.
Till man resumes his toil with blither zest,
While the bright water leaps from rock to glen—
Are we the happiest then?
Alas, those moments will fly like a day,
And summer-tempers will be soon decay;
And summer-blossoms will be soon decay;
And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry;
And nothing but the memory of the scene,
To tell what it has been.

When are we happiest?—in the crowded hall,
When festive smiles, and flatterers bend the
knee.
How soon—how very soon—such pleasures pass!
How fast must falsehood's rainbow-coloring
fade!

Its poison-flowers leave the sting of care—
We are not happy there!
Are we not happiest when the evening hours
Are circled with the crown of living flowers?
When youth and love, and laughter, and the mirth,
And when affection from her bright urn shows
its

Her richest palm on the dilating heart,
Bliss, is it there that art?

Oh, no, not there: it would be happiness,
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be
These hours, without one shadow of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity.
But they are things of earth, and pass away—
They must—must they—must they!

Those voices must grow tremulous with years,
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of
gloom,
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
And, at the last, close darkly in the tomb,
If happiness depend on them alone.

How quickly is it gone!
When are we happiest, then?—oh! when re-
signed
To what our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves both weak and
blind.

Creations of earth, and trust alone in Him
Who giveth in His mercy joy or pain.
Oh, we are happiest then!

A Geological Excursion.

Time has been called the test of truth,
and some old verities have made him testify
enough. Scores of ancient authorities have
exploded like Rupert's drops, by a blow
upon their tales: but at the same time he
has bleached many black-looking stories in
to white ones, and turned some tremendous
boulders into what the French call *accomplished*
facts. Look at the Megatherium or
Mastodon, which a century ago even
credulity would have scouted, and now we
have *Mastodons* of their bones!

The headlong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop
treated as a novel, the *Ignorance* of the
Nile is now a fact. Suppose it a fine morn-
ing, Anno Domini 2000, and the royal ge-
ologists, with Von Hammer at their head—
pioneers, excavators, borers, trippers, and
what not, are marching to have a grand field-
day in Tigra Forest. A good cover has been
marked out for a find. Well! to work they
go; hammer and tongs, mallets and three-
wooden, bashing, splitting, digging,
shovelling; sighing like paviors, blasting
like miners, puffing like a smith's bellows,
hot as his forge—dusty as millers—muddy
as eels—what with sandstone and granite,
and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown,
marl and bog-earth—now unexciting a
petrified bachelors' button—now a stone
tom-tom—now a marble gooseberry—lashed
now a hop'orth of Barcelona nuts geologised
into two pen'orth of marbles—now a couple
of Kentish cherries, all stone, turned into
Scotch pebbles—and now a fossil red ber-
ring with a hard row of flint. But these are
geological bagatelles! We want the *og's*
logs—that is, the *Mastodon*—or *Mastodons*
of the *Ignorance*—or *Polyphenus*—
phenus's elephant, that's the *Megatherium*.
So in they go again, with a crash like Thor's
Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the
earthquake, and lo! another and greater
Bonyas to exhum! Huzza! shouts Field-
sparrer, who will spar with any one and
give him a stone. Hold on, cries one—let
go, shouts another—here he comes, says a
third—no, he don't, says a fourth. Where's
his head?—where's his mouth?—where's his
cassid? What fatiguing work it is only to
look at him, he's so prodigious! There,
there now, *do* it! Just hoist a bit—
a little, a little more! Pray, pray, pray
take care of his lumber processes, they're
very friable. 'Never you fear, zur—if he be
friable, I'll eat 'em.' Bravo!—there's his
cranium!—Is that brain, I wonder, or mud?
No, 'tis conglomerate. Now for the cervi-
cal vertebrae. Stop—somebody hold his
jaw. That's your sort!—there's his scapula.
Now then, dig boys, dig, dig into his ribs.
Work away lads—you shall have oceans of
strong beer, and mountains of bread and
cheese, when you've got him out. We can't
be above a hundred yards from his tail—
Huzza! there's his *ferret*! I wish I could
stare! Work away, my good fellows—
never give up; we shall all go down to pos-
terity. It's the first—the first—the first no-
body knows what—that's been discovered
in the world. Here, lend me a spade, and
I'll help. So, I'll tell you what, we're all
Columbuses, every man Jack of us! but I
can't dig—it breaks my back. Never mind:
there he is—and his tail with a broad arrow
at the end! It's a *Hylasaurus*, but no—
that scapula's a wing—by Saint George, it's
a flying dragon. Huzza! shouts Boniface,
the landlord of the village Inn that has the
St. George and the Dragon as his sign.
Huzza! echoes every Knight of the Garter.
Huzza! cries each schoolboy who has read
the illustration of Schiller's *Hampf mit dem*
Drachen. Huzza! huzza! huzza! shouts the
descendants of Moor of Moor Hall! The
legends are all true, then! Not a bit of it!
Crabbe, first an apothecary's apprentice,
and then an author by profession, and star-
ing as both in the streets of London, had
Goldsmith's fate continually before him.
He quitted, as Goldsmith did, the mortar
for the muse—and with no more profit for
a very long time. Indeed, while sympathi-
sing with suffering genius, telling the gar-
ret for a bare existence—those "Dunciad
days" of poor Goldsmith, as Mr. Forster has
happily called them—the memorable lines
of the starving Butler forcibly recur to us:

Goldsmith was the surgeon and tutor before
he became the author by compulsion; John-
son was a schoolmaster at Edin' near Lich-
field before he came to London to follow
literature; and the late Mr. Southey, the
most striking example in our days of an au-
thor by profession, was a poet as much from
necessity as from choice. That poets learn
in suffering what they teach in song, is
still too true: yet to deduce from that old
fact the moral that the poet should be
kept poor to make him sing, were as absurd
as it would be to follow Dr. Cheyne's
advice, and put out the eyes of nightingales
to make their notes both richer and louder.

When are we happiest, then?—oh! when re-
signed
To what our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves both weak and
blind.

Creations of earth, and trust alone in Him
Who giveth in His mercy joy or pain.
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English Travellers in the Mediterranean.

First of all (to give precedence to our
countrymen) there is the class of rich yacht-
travelers, who journey in large cutters and
schooners, with enormous quantities of lug-
gery, full of servants, pretty nannies, maids,
and chubby children. Their yachts are
cramped as full of materials for a voyage
as Noah's Ark. They travel partly to en-
joy *en masse*, and partly because it is proper
to do so. They bring hosts of introduc-
tions to unfortunate ambassadors, and con-
demn everything that does not resemble
what they saw in England. They live in
the most expensive hotels, which, however,
they look down upon. They receive you in
the most splendid style of luxury, but ap-
ologise for it, and remind you that they
are not in London now. If they encoun-
ter a fool wind, they run into the nearest
port. They go mechanically to see antiq-
uities, but are too dignified to be enthusias-
tic. They patronise the Parthenon, and say
that it's a pity it's such a ruinous condition.
They smile approvingly on the finest
Claydons in the gallery of the British Mu-
seum, at Naples, and think it proper to
look very solemn at the Holy Sepulchre in
Jerusalem. In short, though they should
travel a thousand miles, they are never out
of England—a characteristic of very many
travelers of all ranks. They look at na-
ture through an opera glass. Sometimes
they write large books of travels, in which
they try to be very fine in describing stories.
They quote—

Conditio humana, neque certa fulgens,
Sidera tacet.

and remark how singular it is, that these
phenomena are the same now as when Hor-
ace wrote! They take care also, to tell
you in their quarts what they had for din-
ner, and how much they enjoyed the com-
pany of Lord X, the Marquis of Y, and
Baron Z. Besides these, there is the retired
tradesman class, who, all the time they are
abroad, are not only virtually in England,
but in a shop, or a villa near London.

When they meet you at a *table d'hôte*, they
express their joy to see an Englishman
once more, as if they were in the Desert
of Sahara. They grumble at the bills and
the bed-rooms, and think, 'that, after all,
there's no place like home.' They live in
the closest most densely-furnished rooms
they can get, which they say, 'are in the
good old comfortable English style.' They
order up huge tea-pots of tea, at the same
hour as they did when at Clapham, on sys-
tem, but take a little brandy in it, 'just be-
cause they're abroad.' They walk up Ve-
suvius—the father with a cotton umbrella,
the mother in patters. The son John
(whom they have great difficulty in keep-
ing in order) goes about the town to see if
there's no place like Evans', where he can
have a lark. On their return to England,
they only remember that it was very hot
abroad. I must not forget the pedagogical
class of travelers. The pedagogue carries
a satchel of school books on the crupper of
his horse, as Sterne said of Addison.

He wanders about Athens with a pair of spec-
tacles and a copy of Pausanias, quotes Ho-
mer at dinner at the Hotel, and is going to
start to-morrow for Thermopylae, to see if
any local investigation will throw a light
on an obscure passage in Herodotus that has
troubled him a long time. And then there
is the aspiring young architect, who walks
through the ruins of the ancient world, armed
with a measuring-tape, and judges of sub-
limity by inches. You ask him what he
thought of a certain temple, and he tells you
the diameter and circumference of its col-
umns. But of the soul, or spiritual mean-
ing of such structure—the motive that
animated its builders, or the idea which was
its archetype—of these he knows no more
than the lizards that play about its ruins.

How different from all these the philosophi-
cal wanderer that, every now and then, it
is your lot, in happy hour, to meet! How
different the man who walks through the
world in a spirit of catholic sympathy with
all around him, anxious to learn, ready to
communicate, open to every impulse—bent
only on the study of the good and the ad-
miration of the beautiful.—*Biscuits and*
Grog.

The Lesson of Love.
To know how to live requires perpetual
genius—for life is the highest of all arts.—
Only no one believes this, because he fancies
he knows how to live, as every one fancies
he knows how to love, when he looks
deep into the eyes of a beautiful maiden.—
Alas! love also is an art; but it consists not
in raptures and enthusiasm; it is not to wan-
der in the moonlight, to listen to the song
of the nightingale, to kneel before the be-
loved, to languish, and pine for her kind-
ness. No: this is the art of love: to preserve its
fire, its divine treasure; to carry about its
riches through life, as if in pure gold; to
spend it for him alone, to whom the heart
is devoted; to be always ready to sympathise,
to smile, to weep, to assist, to counsel, to
encourage, to alleviate; in short, to live with
the beloved as he lives, and thus, by virtue
of an indwelling heavenly power, to pre-
serve invariably a heavenward direction.—
And this art is the highest, the tenderest love.
He who possesses it, knows what love is.—
The greater part of men can sacrifice hours,
and days, and wealth; but to bear and to
suffer patiently for years; never to consider
one's own life and well-being; to pine away
gradually; to suffer death in the heart, and
yet to hasten to the arms of the beloved as
soon as they are again opened to us, and
then to be happy—yes, blest, as if nothing
had been amiss, as if no time had elapsed
between that moment, and the first embrace;
all this love can do.—*The Artist's Married*
Life.

The Scholar's Life.
What various ill the scholar's life assail,
Toll, weary, want, the patron, and the snail.
Crabbe, first an apothecary's apprentice,
and then an author by profession, and star-
ing as both in the streets of London, had
Goldsmith's fate continually before him.
He quitted, as Goldsmith did, the mortar
for the muse—and with no more profit for
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fact the moral that the poet should be
kept poor to make him sing, were as absurd
as it would be to follow Dr. Cheyne's
advice, and put out the eyes of nightingales
to make their notes both richer and louder.

When are we happiest, then?—oh! when re-
signed
To what our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves both weak and
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Creations of earth, and trust alone in Him
Who giveth in His mercy joy or pain.
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The Model Laborer.

He supports a large family upon the
smallest wages. He works from twelve to
fourteen hours a day. He rises early to dig
in what he calls his garden. He professes
his affections to the ale-house, and has only
one pipe when he gets home, and then to
bed. He attends church regularly, with a
clean smock-frock and face on Sundays, and
waits outside, when service is over, to pull
his hair to his landlord, or, in his absence,
pays the same reverence to the steward, as
beer and he are perfect strangers, rarely
meeting, except at Christmas or harvest
time; and as for spirits, he only knows them,
like meat, by name. He does not care for
skittles. He never loses a day's work from
attending political meetings. Newspapers
do not make him discontented, for the sim-
ple reason that he cannot read. He believes
strongly in the fact of his belonging to the
"Finest Peasantry." He sends his children
to school somehow, and gives them the best
boots and education he can. He attributes
all blights, bad seasons, failures, losses, and
accidents, to the repeal of the Corn Laws.—
He won't look at a hare, and imagines, in
his respect for rabbits, that Jack Sheppard
was a poacher. He whitewashes his cot-
tage once a year. He is punctual with his
rent, and somehow, by some rare secret best
known by his wages, he is never ill. He
knows absolutely nothing beyond the affairs
of his parish, and does not trouble himself
greatly about them. If he has a vote, it is
his landlord's of course. He joins in the
cry of "Protection," wondering what it
means, and puts his most innocently to
any farmer's petition. He subscribes a pen-
ny to a week to a Rural Society. He erects
triumphal arches, fills up a group of happy
tenants, shouts, sings, dances—any mock-
ery or absurdity, to please his master. He
has an incurable horror of the Union, and
his greatest pride is to starve sooner than to
solicit parish relief. His children are taught
the same creed. He prefers living with his
wife to being separated from her. His only
amusement is the Annual Agricultural Fat-
and-Tallow Show; his greatest happiness, if
his master's pig, which he has fattened, gets
the prize. He struggles on, existing rather
than living, infinitely worse fed than the
beasts he gets up for the Exhibitions—much
less cared about than the soil he cultivates,
tilling, without hope, spring, summer, au-
tumn, and winter, his wages never higher—
frequently less—and, perhaps, after thirty
years' unceasing labor, if he has been all
that time with the same landlord, he gets
the munificent reward of six-and-twopence,
accompanied, it is true, with a warm eulo-
gium on his virtues by the President (a real
Lord), for having brought up ten children
and several pigs upon five shillings a week.
This is the Model Laborer, whose end of
life is honorably fulfilled if he is able, after
a whole life's sowing for another, to reap a
crown for himself to be buried in.—*Punch.*

She is Dead.
The gentle air
Comes through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring—
She breathes it not; the laugh of passers by
Jars like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worries not her slumbers. She is dead!

Beautiful Legend.
We find in a late sermon of Theodore
Parker, the following story. The subject of
the discourse is "rest":
'They tell a story that one day Rabbi Ju-
dah, and his brethren, the seven pillars of
wisdom, sat in the Court of the Temple on
feast-day disputing about rest. One said that
it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet
without sin. The second, that it was fame
and praise of all men. The third, that it
was the possession of power to rule the
world. The fourth, that it consisted only
of a happy home. The fifth, that it must
be in the old age of one who is rich, pow-
erful, famous, surrounded by children and
children's children. The sixth said that it
were vain unless a man keep all the ritual
law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the ven-
erable, the tallest of the brothers, said, 'Ye
have spoken wisely, but one thing more is
necessary, he can only find rest, who to all
these things addeth this—that he keepeth the
tradition of the elders.'

'There sat in the Court a fair haired boy,
playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing
the talk, dropped them in astonishment from
his hands, and looked up—that boy of
twelve—and said—'Nay, my fathers, they
only love rest, who loves his brother as
himself, and God with his whole heart and
soul. He is greater than fame, and wealth,
and power; happier than a happy home,
without it, better than honored age, he
is a law to himself, and above all tradi-
tion.' The doctors were astonished. They
said—when Christ cometh, shall he tell us
greater things? And they thanked God,
for they said—the old men are not always
wise. Yet God be praised that out of the
mouth of this young suckling, has His praise
become perfect.'

Instability of Memory.
We knew of Assyria, of Egypt, of Rome,
of Greece, of England; of geography, as-
tronomy, chemistry; of poets and painters,
and of hundreds of private friends. Oh,
what a rolling snowball did we think we
were gathering up, as we came along!—
Where are they all now? I do not see the
train is any longer than it was in child-
hood. You have lost something for every-
thing you have gained. As you gain new
particles, others fall off. It is a law of na-
ture, that you should keep no more than
you use. The man is not to be rich by
having anything superfluous, but what is
useful to him. Men want everything.—
They are made all hooks and eyes, and put
the universe under tax. As man gains, he
makes more demands. I never saw a man
who was rich enough, or so rich as he ought
to be. You must give him lands, and courts,
and kings, and earth, and astronomy, and
the freedom of the whole city of God. A
man truly conversant with wrong, sees a
remedy, and learns that every wall has a
gate. Every truth is universally applicable.
The universe may be wheeled off from any
particle, as a ball of cotton may be rolled
up from a thread. There is a relation be-
tween everything in nature and in human
life. There is a relation between your wed-
ding-day and the stars, though you may not
see it. In the minute as in the enlarged,
Nature is the same; and, in learning one of
her truths, you may learn all.—*Emerson.*

Winter City of England.
'Methinks I see in my mind a noble and
praiseworthy nation, rousing herself like a
strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible
locks: methinks I see her as an eagle muing
her mighty youth, and kindling her undaz-
ing eyes at the full midday beam; purging
and unscaling her long abased sight at the
fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while
the whole noise of timorous and flocking
birds, with those also that love the twilight,
utter about, amazed at what she means,
and in their envious gabble would prognos-
ticate a year of sects and schisms.'—*Mil-
ton.*

The Child to the Tomb.
The following anecdote is from the jour-
nal of a traveller in the East.
That little child
That lightly drew its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should its love of death?

At Soanra, the burial ground of the Ar-
menians, like that of the Moslems, is remov-
ed a short distance from the town, is sprink-
led with green trees, and is a favorite re-
sort, not only with the bereaved, but with
those whose feelings are not thus darkly
overcast. I met there one morning a little
girl, with a half-playful countenance, busy
blue eye, and sunny locks, bearing in one
hand a small cup of china, and in the other
a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very
natural curiosity to know what she could
do with these bright things in a place that
seemed to partake so much of sadness, I
watched her light motions. Reaching a re-
tired grave covered with a plain marble
slab, she emptied the seed—which it ap-
peared the cup contained—into the slight
cavities which had been scooped out in the
corners of the level tablet, and laid the
wreath on its pure face.

'And why, I inquired, my sweet girl,
'do you put seed in those little bowls there?'
'It is to bring the birds here,' she replied
with a half-wondering look: 'they will light
on this tree when they have eaten the seed,
and sing.'

'To whom do they sing, to you or each
other?'
'Oh, no!' she replied, 'to my sister—she
sleeps here.'

'But your sister is dead?'
'Oh, yes, sir, but she hears the birds
sing.'

'Well, if she does hear the birds sing,
she cannot see the fruit of flowers.'
'She knows I put it there. I told her
before they took her away from our house,
that I would come and see her every morn-
ing.'

'You must,' I continued, 'have loved that
sister very much; but you will never talk
with her any more—never see her again.'
'Yes, sir,' she replied, with a brightened
look, 'I shall see her in heaven.'

'But she has gone to heaven already, I
trust.'
'No; she stops under this tree till they
bring me here, and then we are going to
heaven together.'

'Keeping Cool' in Hot Climates.
The means in present use for artificial re-
frigeration are very various, some of them
very interesting. Among these, the em-
ployment of porous earthenware may be
referred to an early place. The Moors intro-
duced into Spain this luxury, in the shape
of very elegant vases, wonderfully light and
porous. Water kept in these became rap-
idly deliciously cool, and, from some pecu-
liarity in the process of the manufacture of
these vessels, it acquired, in addition, a very
agreeable flavor. In Egypt and in India,
and in most sultry regions, this expedient is
at the present time a very prevalent one; it
has also for some time been extensively em-
ployed amongst ourselves, porous wine, but-
ter, and water coolers, of many elegant de-
signs being now produced at our potteries.
But porous ware keeps water cool where
the climate is hottest, the very ingredient of
heat being made to react in the re-produc-
tion of cold by rapid evaporation. The
Moors names for their earthen jugs were
Alameros or *Bucaros*. The Arabs burnt
up with the eternal fire of their scorching
country, make use of goat skins for water
vessels, which suffer a little water to exude,
and thus keep the remainder comparatively
cool. A common method of cooling wines
in India is one which will almost appear a
paradox, the bottle is wrapped in flannel
wetted with water, and placed directly in
the rays of the sun, violent evaporation en-
sues, and the wine actually becomes very
cold. It is a common plan, too, for sailors
in warm latitudes to cover their wine with
cloths constantly wetted. Apartments are
cooled on a similar principle, and an abun-
dant of water is frequently dashed against
the walls with a most grateful effect. In
India, also, the cold, so dangerous and pen-
etrating on a clear night, is often applied in
a peculiar manner for the purpose of freez-
ing water. Near Calcutta, in an open
plain, there are large shallow excavations
made in the ground and filled with straw;
upon this many rows of small shallow por-
ous pans, filled with water, are placed at
sunset.

During the night ice forms in thick cakes
upon the surface of the pans; it is carefully
removed before sunrise, carried to a proper
repository, and pounded into a mass there,
and then covered over with blankets. This
manufacture can only be pursued during the
months of December, January, and Febru-
ary; and, in the district where the ice is
formed in this manner, it is never produced
naturally. This ingenious process must
wholly disappear before the new import of
Wenhams Lake ice. What a revolution
has commerce effected in India, when we
remember that early travellers in that coun-
try were looked upon as liars and impostors
for asserting the possibility of solidifying
water into ice.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Truth.
The very essence of truth is plainness
and brightness; the darkness and crooked-
ness is our own. The wisdom of God cre-
ated understanding, fit and proportionate
to truth, the object and of it, as the eye
to the thing visible. If our understanding
have a film of ignorance over it, or be blur-
red with gazing on other false glisterings,
what is that truth? If we will but purge with
sovereign eyesalve that intellectual haze,
which God hath planted in us, then we
would believe the Scriptures protesting
their own plainness and perspicuity.—*Mil-
ton.*

Summer.
BY LEIGH HUNT.
The months we used to read of
Have come to us again,
With cheerfulness and brightness
And rare delights of rain.
The lark is up, and says aloud,
Rise and I will see you clout.
The lanes are full of roses,
The fields are grassy deep;
The leafiness and floweriness
Make one abundant heap.
The balmy, blossom-breathing air
Smell of future plums and pears.
The sunshine at our waking
Is still found smiling by,
With beaminess and earnestness,
Like some beloved eye;
And all the day it seems to take
Delight in being wide awake.

The Farmer.
The width varied from a few hundred
yards to a mile. Occasionally the vessel
steered close to the trees on one side, then,
as the channel varied, shot across to the oth-
er. The water was smooth as a sylvan
lake, while the fragrance of the air, the
exquisite verdure of the trees, and the half-
submerged jungle, formed a captivating con-
trast to the wide Atlantic. Sometimes by
extending an arm from the paddle-box, a
beautiful and unknown flower might almost
be grasped; but more seductive than all,
as we glided swiftly and quietly past the
fruit islands; large clusters of rosy and
tempting peaches and nectarines, in large
quantities, hung almost within our reach,
but, oh, provoking in the extreme out of
our grasp.